



ELANTHIA HERALD



The Official Newsletter of GemStone III

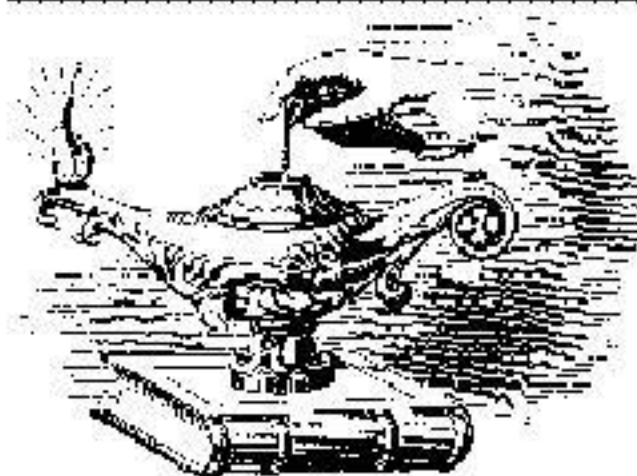
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From the Assistant Editor's Desk

To Friends – New and Old

by Jamel Kaili

Greetings! Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Jamel Kaili, and I've been appointed assistant editor by the almighty Cyrfaucan, our esteemed Editor-in-Chief. You might have encountered me answering your questions, or just rushing out of the Herald's offices, en route on some errand.

I'm a bit of an anomaly around here; I'm an old-time GemStone player who left the game for a long period of time, and then returned when GemStone opened up on America Online. Once upon a time, I was a mighty warrior. Now, I am a struggling bard.

As such, I tend to see things with both young and old eyes. I can remember a time when you knew just about everyone in the game, a time when there was only one cleric who could raise the dead, before organized Houses and custom weapons. A time when things were smaller.

I am also familiar with large crowds; I grew up with them in my second life. I am aware of the feeling of being alone, of not knowing anyone.

I know the frustrations of trying to find an uncrowded hunting ground, of trying to learn ropes without alienating the old-timers. I know the feeling of being a newbie in the lands. It wasn't all that long ago I returned here, friendless, with only a few coins in my pockets.

As such, I know something of the challenges that face the two "groups" of players that populate the world of Kulthea, the old-timers from the Genie side, and the "newbies" from the AOL and Prodigy side. And I feel qualified to comment on some



Suppose you encounter someone alone hunting ores. Why not ask if they'd like to hunt with you?

of the problems and issues that face both types of players. If you disagree with what I say, please let me know. I love to discuss such things.

This issue, I'd like to address the issue of making friends in GemStone. Think of the problem that faces the newcomer. Here he or she is, in a big strange world, wondering what to do. How does one meet people?

The problem goes beyond that. Plenty of people seeming to make it to

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Elanthia Herald Editorial Guidelines: How to Contribute to the Official GemStone III Newsletter for Fun and Profit

The Elanthia Herald is the official on-line newsletter of GemStone III, a valuable and entertaining compendium of player-produced informational articles, short stories, fiction, poetry, artwork, humor, and miscellany about the game. The Elanthia Herald newsletter ("EH") is made available in the GemStone III software library on Genie, America Online and Prodigy in Windows, MAC, and text formats.

The articles and editorial content of the Elanthia Herald are player-driven. You come up with the ideas, write the articles and determine what content is of interest and value to you and your fellow adventurers in the lands. The editorial staff is just a tool to transform your words, ideas and



feelings into forms that all of Elanthia can read, enjoy, and benefit from.

The Kinds of Submissions We Would Like to Receive

We are interested in articles that appeal to the broadest cross section of GemStone III players. Submissions can range from practical to entertaining and whimsical. The following are types of articles we would like to see:

1. Articles on game mechanics are always popular and we want as many good articles on mechanics as we can get! A "good" one contains useful information, say on creatures or a new area, with a helpful and reasonable amount of references to numbers, stats, etc. An article that turns out to be mostly a table of statistics or just a list of numbers is not sufficient. Try to put the game mechanics into perspective for the reader.

2. Roleplaying articles are also welcome. Well done, in-character narratives are sources of immense entertainment for our readers. Factual articles based on your character's adventures in Elanthia--while hunting, during a quest, personal encounters, reminiscences of memorable players or events--are desirable submissions. Characters that are active in the game, settings from world of Elanthia, plots and characters suggested by events in the game, etc. are also excellent raw material for fictional accounts, short stories, and humorous anecdotes.

3. Poetry is another genre we encourage. We try to publish at least

some original poetry every month. Although we would like to discourage parodies, like "Twas the night before Xmas and all through the track, not a creature was stirring, not even a thrak," that doesn't mean you shouldn't do humorous original verse. Poetry should be "in character" when possible and certainly in context with the world of Elanthia.

4. Letters to the Editor are also something you should consider submitting. What we are aiming for are in-character, roleplaying type letters, i.e., the kind of letter your character would send in to the EH after reading an issue, through his/her eyes, rather than your (real-world) comments on the newsletter. Outstanding roleplaying, entertainment and literary opportunities exist even in this short format, so don't overlook it.

5. Maps and descriptions of both new and old areas are useful to our readers. Attempt to describe the area in character and be careful not to reveal any secrets or puzzles the area may contain.

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The Bottom Line for Submissions... To insure the best chance of being published, we urge you to read the entire guidelines and follow them carefully.

1. All files must be submitted as attached EMAIL files. The attached file submissions must begin with information filled in: USER NAME OR SCREEN NAME; NAME OF SERVICE YOUR USUAL CHARACTER IS ON; CHARACTER NAME; NAME TO USE FOR AUTHOR OF ARTICLE (if different from character name); EMAIL ADDRESS; FORMAT OF FILE; DATE SUBMITTED.
2. We cannot acknowledge receipt of any submissions, nor can we comment on ideas. You must submit a completed article.
3. Credit toward free time in GemStone III and in-game compensation is awarded based on points, submission length and the quality of the work. (see p. 24)
4. We cannot accept submissions which require a great deal of heavy editing. Check your spelling, grammar, punctuation and facts before submitting articles.
5. Email your submission as an attached file to GYRFAUCON@AOL.COM with a copy to BRUCEHH@AOL.COM. We look forward to it!

Reaching New Heights: A Recollection of Melgorehn's Reach

by Belladonna Elropa

Uhen I first came to this city, everything I saw was a marvel to me. I recognized nothing; I was awed by everything. One place to which I was introduced soon after my arrival was a mountain just a short hike outside the town gates. Melgorehn's Reach, they called it, and as we made the long journey up to the mist-shrouded peak of this mountain, my guide passed the time by telling me something of its history.

"I can remember a time," he began as we clambered across the drawbridge over a stream at the mountain's foot, "that there wasn't no mountain here at all."

"I see," I said agreeably.

"You woke up one morning and there it was?"

"Oh, no," he said, shaking his head solemnly as we began picking our way along a narrow and rather unsettling path. "It wasn't nothing to do with waking up in the morning, that much I remember for certain." He paused, waiting until the roar of the small avalanche I'd set off with a careless step had faded somewhat. "No, I went to bed one night and there was no mountain. But it was the middle of the night that I felt, or anyway, I guess most everybody in town felt it, it was a huge, an enormous earthquake. Felt like the entire city was going to slide into the Bay, and all of us with it." I nodded politely, I hoped, but his mention of an earthquake combined with the sight of a mountain goat rolling down the slope and across the trail in front of us had made quite a dent in my already shaky confidence.

"And that's when you saw the mountain for the first time?" I asked.

"No," he answered. "The mountain had been there for a long

time. Where we're standing right now, or anyway on the ground below where we're standing right now, you used to be standing on the ground in this mountain's shadow. There was a mountain, all right, but as far back as anybody can remember, it was just floating along, way up there, way up in the sky."

"Up there?" I asked, pointing up.

"That's right," he answered, with a smile.

"In the sky?" I asked, looking at him doubtfully until a small boulder bouncing just over my head distracted me.

"Right up there," he replied, nodding calmly.

I started to say something, but I wasn't sure what it was going to be, so I just sort of cleared my throat and let it go. Evidently, this offended my guide, whose word was not to be questioned. Dodging a hail of fist sized rocks, he continued testily, "If you weren't so new around here, you'd know all of this already."

By now we had come to what looked to me like a test. There was a ledge a ways over our heads, and between us and the ledge were four steps. Unfortunately, all four steps were the same height. I couldn't see how this was of any help to us until I noticed that my guide was staring at a number of small buttons to the side of the staircase. Each button, I realized, had writing on it. "Maybe if you push those letters in the right order, the steps will change places," I suggested.

He seemed unimpressed. "Any ideas for which one to punch first?"

I hadn't really given it much thought. I tried to remember all my old spelling rules, but they didn't help much. "Was it R before S except after E? No, S before O, and more Z well,

just Z, I guess. And O before R unless there's a full moon? Hmmm." I wasn't getting anywhere, so I decided to keep quiet and let him solve the problem. He managed it in just under half an hour, though his methods he would never divulge.

"So if this mountain was floating along so happily for all that time, why the earthquake? How'd it get down here?"



As we made the journey up to the mist-shrouded peak, my guide passed the time by telling me something of its history.

My guide paused while two hill trolls, apparently too caught up in their mating ritual to notice they were moving, careened down the face of the mountain just ahead of us, then answered, "It was the gods." He was edging steadily west along the ledge as he grunted this, though I could hardly see where he hoped we were going. As I made my way along the same ledge, he continued, "They weren't quite

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(Reaching, continued from page 3)

sure what that mountain was doing up there, either. So they decided to come take a look."

"They just flew down from Liabo to check out some mountain that was minding its own business, floating around in midair?"

"Well, no, not exactly." Small plants were ripping free from the mountainside in his hands, and for a moment or two he was silent as he worked his way around a final bend in the ledge. Though I could no longer see him, I guessed he'd



I looked down. I gulped. I tried to get my mind off the abyssal drop.

reached the end of the ledge, as his voice didn't sound as strained. "You know how lazy they'd gotten in the last few centuries. They hate leaving their home at all, if they don't have to." I followed his voice as I clung to the mountain, inching my way along this slender ledge and praying I wouldn't be curious enough to look down.

"And," he went on, "as you know, they only chose Liabo for their home because it moves across the entire world, every day."

"Well, how would that help them come take a look at our mountain?" I asked, finally clearing the last curve of the ledge and seeing the wider platform my guide was standing on. My curiosity got the better of me. I looked down. I gulped. I tried to get my mind off the abyssal drop that awaited my next inevitable

misstep. I looked back at the ledge. My guide stood, grinning, on what looked from my position like very solid ground. I clenched my teeth, then tried to relax. I tried to get him talking again.

"Wouldn't they have to wait till whenever Liabo was supposed to be above it, and look at it then?"

"Oh, what do you know? They're gods. They know the moon moves. They even know why. They know how to make it move where they want, and when."

I supposed that made sense. For a brief moment, I fought the urge to beg the gods who could move moons where they willed to come get me off this ledge, but I was almost to the safety of the platform. "So what did they do? They just brought Liabo around and had a look?"

"Exactly that." He took my hand and led me towards a trellis where a small cab was waiting. I'd barely had time to notice a small pool along side of a stream that had been dammed, sending the water away from the pool and over a paddle wheel, when he nudged me into the cab. A moment later he was in the cab too, and with a lurch we were moving up the side of the mountain. As I looked out the windows of the wooden cab we rode in, I couldn't help noticing that the trellis beneath us didn't look terribly sturdy.

"And they decided the mountain belonged on the ground, instead?" I asked, finding myself with something new to need distracting from.

"Well, no," he said, smiling cruelly as a rock bouncing off the top of the cab knocked us partly off balance and partly off the trellis as well. "Here, just lean this way for a while, till another rock comes along. They almost always strike each side in turns." The word "almost" brought a lump to my throat.

"No, the gods were rather busy admiring the view. It's a lovely mountain, really, especially if you're not trying to climb it." With a loud boom, a second

(Continued on page 19)

Silvansong's Lament

by Silvansong III 'Lady Saphyre

I was off fighting kobolds one bold bright morning

When a one-eyed giantman—giving no warning

Rushed up behind, stole my still limping quarry

(I'll begrudge you the details, the slash was quite gory)

Diced that kob, nicked my shirt (now it's well beyond darning).

He was twelve foot tall if he were an inch

Would flatten me—truly—if he gave me a pinch

And his age bespoke years of experience tilled

If he were more my size, I'd have admired his build

As it was, his fine neck I desired to lynch.

Said I, "Dear sir, tis considered rude in these realms!"

He looked me once over and tipped me his helm

Said "A stripling like you should go learn some manners,

Be happy I'm not taking your hide to the tanner's!"

And he disappeared with my kob through the elms.

I cleared my throat once, twice, then thrice

Shouted, "In any case, it sure wasn't nice

A warrior like yourself more than twice my size

And experienced so, and with strong family ties."

A voice from the trees growled, "You wanna get sliced?"

I blanched and I shivered, but I stood my ground

His was the only other soul around

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The Things They Carried

By Redzig Zigmorphous

If you are still young, then you really don't have to worry about running out of space to keep all your possessions. But once you start wandering out of town and into the forests, trails, and caves that make up the wilds of Elanthia, you realize that you will quickly find yourself running back to town every few minutes unloading all the spoils of your hunting. If you want to make your hunting more efficient, you have to make use of some of these hints.

Decide If Skinning Is Worthwhile

You may wonder why some people don't skin everything that they kill. The reason for this is because while a gnome scalp can get you about 30 silvers, it wouldn't be worth it if you find yourself trying to take enough of them out of your backpack so you can fit the chests and trunks you find. In the worst case scenario, you might find yourself doing the skinning shuffle: getting those cheap goods out of your pack and stuffing the real goods in, all while being susceptible to the beast that finds you with your hands full.

There are exceptions to this, as when you are fighting gnomes in the well or rats in the catacombs. More often than not, you will find that the scalps and pelts will be more valuable than the war hammers and wooden shields that the gnomes carry. Another reason for this exception is that you don't have to travel far to sell all your skins, as Dakris is only a few minutes' walk away.

Make Sure You Take Only What You Need

Before you go out for some serious hunting, make sure that you haven't forgotten to sell everything that you wanted to. Carrying around a half eaten ambrominas leaf or a few kobold

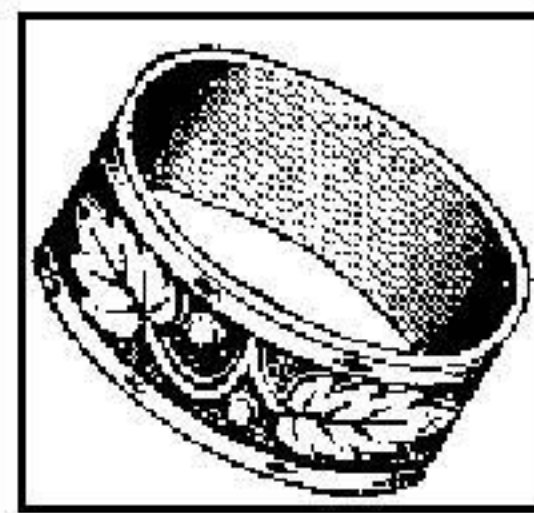
skins won't make you happy when you run out of room for your sapphires. Try to wear a backpack, a sack, and a pouch. You want to have as many places as possible to store your wares. If you have some things that you just can't part with, the lockers in Moot Hall provide the most security for a nominal fee.

Another thing that can save space is the "bag-and-drag" technique. I have seen this technique used most often in the gnome mines. You start by finding an empty trunk, chest, coffer, etc. You can usually find them around Land's End Road and the East Tower. If you do take one from the tower, make sure that it is empty and that it doesn't belong to anyone. Then you take it to wherever you want to hunt. When you find a suitable spot, drop your trunk and raise your shield. When you kill a critter, place its treasures inside the trunk. Then drop your shield and DRAG the trunk in whatever direction you want to go. When you find another beast, quickly raise your shield and fight again. When you do fill your trunk, go to Stance Defensive, pick up your trunk and go to town.

Get the Aid of Magic

Have you ever seen a disk floating around? Well, that is like a floating trunk, keeping your hands totally free of your goods. The spell for creating such a disk is rather high, so if you want to find one, I suggest going to an accommodating lord or lady. Remember to request them politely, and to express your gratitude properly. Also remember that such disks are not permanent, so be sure to empty your disk if you are leaving Elanthia for some period of time. And loose items like disks and trunks on the ground will tend to poof after crashes and may be difficult or impossible to replace.

Perhaps the most useful item that you can use to solve all your walking needs is a gold ring. I hear that the alchemist sells them for around 6000 silvers, but I am not sure because I have never bought from him. You can sometimes find them being sold in town square or over the amulet net, so keep your eyes open. Keep your pockets open too, because the street value of a ring can jump anywhere from 4000 to over 6500 if there are a few people interested. I think that around 5000 is the base price, and that anything under is a good deal. Do beware of counterfeit rings or rogues



If you buy a transport ring on the street, make sure it's the genuine article.

and other riff raff trying to deceive you. If you buy a transport ring on the street, make sure it's the genuine article.

What's so good about these rings? It's simple. Just twist that ring on your finger in a safe place, then go out and hunt. When you find your hands full, just take off the ring and put it back on. Then zoom! You are instantly transported back to where you turned that ring. Take it off and put it back on again, and poof, you're back in the thick of it. This is also helpful if you find yourself overwhelmed and bleeding from battle. Just remember to reset the ring with a quick turn or you might find yourself surrounded.

I hope you take some of these hints to heart and wish you happy hunting! ♦

Driving A Hard Bargain: A Baggling Exchange With Tykel

By Donovan Grafus

After pushing my way through the eternally busy town square for what seems like five minutes, I enter the dirty wooden shop of Tykel the Weaponsmith. As usual, it is busy, and it takes a while until he notices me and sticks a catalogue under my nose. I flip through the pages for a bit, and decide on buying a broadsword. The sword isn't for me, as I have my trusty High Scimitar that I would never replace until it has splintered under an enemy's blow. Rather I am spending my silver on the aforementioned broadsword for a friend of mine. He's new in Wehnimer's Landing, but his clan has been a good friend of my family for over three generations.

Unfortunately, on his first day he succumbed to a thief's sly hand and was picked of a good deal of silvers. He looked to me for help, having nearly no more silver left, he needed only a weapon to complete his raiment. I gladly obliged and now find myself standing in the hot, crowded arms shop waiting to be waited on. Eventually Tykel walks over to me, wearing his usual phony, warm smile, the smile that he uses to seduce you into buying mindlessly.

"Can I help you, Donovan?" he asks me. I query him about broadswords, and watch as he runs into the store room, returning again with a sword.

"270 silvers and it's yours." I look at the sword suspiciously. I, being low on silvers at the time myself, decide to try to get the lowest price for it I possibly can.

"This sword looks to be made of a soft metal, these type scar and break easily. I will not pay any higher than 240 for it," I reply.

"What? Donovan, why do you doubt my craftsmanship so? This is made of only the strongest irons and steels. See how sturdy it is? Surely you cannot inflict any less than a serious wound with this! 266 silvers."

"No less than a serious wound? Look at its edges! They're smooth and dull, its thrusting tip rounded and blunt. I would be lucky to pierce the skin of a kobold! 245 silvers."

"Surely you're joking! I have not

not have an eye for fine weaponry. Why, I put my sweat and blood into this! You must appreciate my skilled work. 260 silvers."

I was beginning to feel at a loss for ideas. There had to be something else I could bicker with him about. "Look at the handle," I say, "its ridges are too deep and close together. When used enough times without gloves it will cut one's palm skin away. 252 silvers."

"Donovon, you are an honorable elf, but you are now babbling. What you say makes no sense. Let us finish our sale and have done with it. I'll be generous. 258 silvers."

I was in the corner, my reputation and silver on the line. I did have one thousand silvers in the bank, but since my friend was waiting in town square, I decided to get it over with.

"Tykel," I say. "You are as honorable a person as I, and you should know I am low on silver and in need of a weapon. Let us settle on 253 silvers, a fair price."

"255."

"Tykel, you are being malicious. Not a silver over 253."

"255, last offer."

"Tykel, please!"

"Last offer. 255 silvers or just forget it."

I sigh and give him the desired amount. He grins happily and hands me the broadsword. I nod at him and walk out the door. My friend thanks me for the sword and says he will pay me for it when he has the funds. I decline his offer, though. He is a friend, and I shall never charge those I am ally to.

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Why do you doubt my craftsmanship so?... Truly you must not have an eye for fine weaponry. Why, I put my sweat and blood into this! You must appreciate my skilled work.

seen such a sharp sword in my life! Why, even steel golems would cower before this beauty! 263 silvers."

"You are exaggerating."

"True, but the sword is unmatched against most living opponents."

"Its blade is twisted and malformed. I could never accept one that would not fit easily into my sheath. What would others say when they notice my poor judgment? 249 silvers."

"Please, Donovan. Truly you must

(A Hard Bargain, continued from page 6)

Though sometimes frustrating, haggling with a merchant can be a fun and rewarding aspect of shopping in Wehnimer's Landing. All the shop keepers are honest and trustworthy people, and you must not forget that. Sometimes pay them the full amount, if you have the finances. It will be warmly greeted ♦

All the shop keepers of Wehnimer's Landing are honest and trustworthy. Offer them the full amount, if you have the finances. The gesture will pay off in the long run and you will be well treated.



A Cornucopia of Helpful Hints

by Vandro Jennara

While traveling through the world of Elanthia, one comes across a good deal of information and lessons learned (even if one is a youngster, such as yours truly who is in his first year of training at the time of this writing). Most rely on Lords and Ladies for hints of the day, but we youngsters can be resourceful too. We not only learn from our own experiences, but the ones of others as well, be they dead or alive. The rather eclectic list of hints

that follows have been gleaned from a wide range of reliable and less than reliable sources, for your perusal, edification and education.

1. Hint for some beginners: If you take on the role of a warrior or of a ranger, I very strongly suggest getting a two handed sword and training in edged weapons. These blades, although plain, will cause a good deal of damage.

2. Hint for beginners: Some of you might want to try to acquire the Demon Blade or the Sash of the Rising Phoenix by year 1. No way, no chance!

However, if you still want to avail yourself of lots of items at an early age, you can try this method recommended to me by a young warrior who seemed to be suffering from repeated, severe headwounds.

Buy yourself the best shield you can possibly afford. At this time you will probably have wood. Then go to the northwestern gate in Wehnimer's. Hold the shield in your left hand and hold the highest plus weapon you can wield and afford in the right hand. Be sure to go Stance Defensive. Now, go running through the forest like a maniac, yelling, screaming, and grabbing stuff as you go along, by wearing the shield to free your left hand, and removing it each time you put something away. (A map will be beneficial here.) The two hands full and defensive stance should protect you from most of the creatures.

If you are lucky, you can get some pretty cool stuff this way. There are several very important cautions to this method though. Do not try this unless you have a decent amount of hit points. Do make sure that you are not grabbing things randomly off the ground that belong to anyone else hunting there. If you are unsure, stop long enough to ask politely before grabbing. This manner of treasure seeking is not endorsed by any Lord, Lady, or any sane person. Still, in between nursing his headwounds, my warrior friend claimed it works. (With credit to the departed Redwyn.)

3. Hint for beginners: Use all the silver and wealth you can spare for buying deeds. The goddess of Elanthia will resurrect you when you die if you have a deed (or two if you die from losing all your spirit points).

Deeds can be purchased (oh my, we couldn't be paying the goddess for our lives, could we?) in the temple. Go to the temple and proceed through the black arch. There is the tapestry room. Once past this point, you are in the right spot for deeds. However, since

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The King's Treasure

by Karpe Pezdragon

Thou art a nitwit!" screamed the beleaguered mage. "You are doubtless the most idiotic, orc-brained sorcerer this poor town has ever seen!"

"What did I do *this* time?! By Lorminstra, you cannot be made happy, Jy-Lin!" retorted his counterpart. By this time the screaming had reached a furious pitch, and only the massive battle axe of the group's warrior leader shoved between the two could bring the ongoing verbal war to a very quick end.

"Jy-Lin! Tumar! You two have bickered since we left the town gates. 'Jy-Lin, did you really need to use Touch of Disruption on that kobold?' 'Well, I'm not the one who thought I could beat the kobold to death with my shield!' By the gods, I have never seen two spell-casters so ready to settle their differences with fists!" His harsh and sarcastic tone of voice in re-enacting the scenes already put on display by the two silenced them enough so that all that was said was a barely audible "Sorry, Anthris" from them both.

"Boys, boys, shouldn't we be thinking more about our journey than the fact that a kobold arm was sent flying into my face and gave me a bloody nose?" piped up a young lady standing behind the men, while staring intently at Tumar. Then, switching her piercing gaze in Jy-Lin's direction, she said, "Or that a thirty-year-old wizard can't help me open the chests we find because he's been too busy flirting with women to learn *Looklore*, something he should have picked up a lot less than ten years into his training?"

"Well, excuse me!" retorted Jy-Lin. "I can't help it if I'm outgoing!"

"Yeah, Elyssa, and besides, I've gotten loads of experience from bringing him back every time a Lady takes exception to his remarks," said the group's last member, a cleric, with a chuckle.

Elyssa smiled and replied, "Well, maybe that's not such a bad thing after all." She regained her composure and continued, "Now, getting back to our assignment. The maps the King's men gave us show that the orc leader's hideout is nearby. We have to be careful, since there will probably be

more of those greater orcs around serving as lookouts. Allirin, keep those protective spells up so we won't have to worry about wasting time with resurrections."

"Consider it done," said the cleric.

"All right, let's go. Tumar, Jy-Lin, keep those wands within reach. We don't know what we're going to find inside that cave. And try to keep the Touch of Disruption spells to a minimum, we don't need an orc head flying past some guards. Even orcs will figure out something's not quite right when that happens."

"Okay, okay," muttered Tumar, "but I still say they're just a bunch of slobbering twits who would pick up that flying orc head you speak of, or any nearby head, and play catch with it."

The group followed Elyssa to the cave entrance with surprisingly few enemy encounters, and those were only with a couple of hobgoblins and a kobold that had wandered off their paths. The dusk sky threw long, dark shadows along the ground and illuminated the land with a reddish glow.

The mouth of the cave looked menacing as the shadows revealed nothing within the deep interior. "Light the torch, Anthris, and let's...Jy-Lin! Tumar! Stop shoving each other! May Lorminstra help us if you two should start arguing with wands in your hands!"

"Give us some credit, Elyssa," stated Tumar. "I know we fight all the time, but I know I wouldn't

zap my twin brother with a wand. And he wouldn't do that to me. Right, Jy-Lin?"

"We do not fight all the time! What are you talking about?" A slap in the head from Anthris' large hand ended another potential argument between the "Bickering Brothers". Jy-Lin rubbed his sore head and stared at the ground, while Tumar silently fingered a metal wand.

Allirin said, "They're both quiet? Enjoy it while it lasts, folks. It's the first time in thirty years they were both silent at the same time, and it may be another thirty before it happens again." Everyone snickered and giggled at the remark, and it dissipated the tension that had been quietly building in them all the closer they got to the cave entrance. But looking deep into the shadows, the same feeling of dread appeared on each of their faces, and fear gnawed at their very souls. As if they were about to face Death itself.

(Continued on page 16)



The warrior leader shouted, "Jy-Lin! Tumar! You two have been bickering since we left the town gates!"

Weapons And Their Enchantments

by Duquesne Surestrike

In light of the rising inflation of weapon prices, I am hoping this document will help people make better decisions on buying weapons. Most of the information in this document is based on discussions I have read and my subjective experience in the game. Some may disagree with some of my assessments, but they are probably the same ones who are trying to sell you a +15 broadsword with cold crits for 200,000 silvers.



This document is mainly directed towards arms users. Wizards and sorcerers carry weapons, but generally only care about the bonus of the weapon. If you don't swing weapons to kill monsters, then you will still probably be able to use these guidelines if you are a buyer, seller or collector of exotic weapons, or just curious about "toys."

Hopefully, I will present you with enough information in this to make better decisions, and if you disagree with some of the assertions, go out and test your theories and send me the results! I will probably submit a follow up to this article with more information on damages of specific weapons. Send your observations to Deltavee@AOL.com.

The basic characteristics of the weapons I deal with herein are:

Damage
Weight
Bonus to AS
AVD
Ambush Bonus
Type of Criticals

One thing to remember is that weapons may have been altered to look like other weapons. For example, the katana I have hits like a falchion, but someone else may have a katana that is an altered short sword. Be wary!

Damage

The damage a weapon does to a target is based on the weapon type, and what armor the target is wearing. The amount of damage done to a target is based on how much your roll to hit exceeds 100. Weapons have a separate Damage Factor versus each of the five different armor types. For example, a rapier may do almost as much damage to an unarmored opponent as a broadsword. But against someone wearing plate mail, a rapier will do very poor damage relative to the broadsword.

This, in my opinion, is the greatest key to understanding weapons. If you are actually going to swing a weapon in combat, you need to find a weapon where a significant amount of the swing is translated to damage. The tricky thing is that there are many "disguised weapons." These are weapons that have really cool names, but are actually normal weapons in disguise. Your friend may have a saber that always does very good damage. Then when you buy a saber, it does poor damage. That's because one saber could really be hitting as a falchion and the other could be hitting as a rapier.

The way to discover what these weapons really are is to pay attention to the AVD. If you use the weapon versus a couple different armor types, you should be able to find the weapon it really matches.

Below is the what I call the base weapon list. If you have a weapon that isn't on this list, odds are that it is a "disguised weapon." I have attempted to sort this list by weapon damage.

War Mattock = Two-handed
2-Handed Sword = Two-handed
Flail = Two-handed
Morning Star = Blunt
Falchion = Edged
Broadsword = Edged
Halberd = Pole Arm
Hand Axe = Edged
War Hammer = Blunt
Mace = Blunt

Those are the top damaging weapons. Below I have listed the weapons that I have found that do relatively poor damage.

Staff = Two-Handed
Short sword = Edged
Scimitar = Edged
Whip = Blunt
Cudgel = Blunt
Main Gauche = Edged
Dagger = Edged
Rapier = Edged

Here is a list of some of the disguises I have seen, although this doesn't mean you won't find a katana that's really a short sword. Always check the weapons before you buy, or else you wind up taking your chances.

Katanas (falchions)
Khopesh (broadsword)
Cleric "Blades" (broadswords)

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(Lament, continued from page 4)

(Assuming, of course the kob's soul
had departed
If it had one at all—but, now, don't get
me started)
And I, yapping at his heels like some
mistreated hound!



"Tis the principal, sir, which I am
defending
My quarry is stolen—my shirt beyond
mending!"
He drew his sword (which was taller
than me)
And I drew my falchion, still not
willing to flee.
He whispered, "Here's some
silvers—have fun in their
spending."

"It had something I needed—now
leave me alone!
Breathe one word of this, I'll be
crushing your bones!"
I stood and I stared and I turned with
a cough,
Here was a giantman paying me off!
Before I could exhale, my fortune had
grown.

We all have our foibles, we each have
our faults,
Skeletons in closets, vices in vaults.
I admit now to being stubborn and
proud,
Whiny, indignant, quite stupid and
loud
Once I got started, why couldn't I
halt?

"Take your darn silvers!" (can't believe
that I said it
My language was worse, but was told I
must edit).
The giantman stopped somewhere in
mid-stride
And dinner plates weren't half as wide
as his eyes.
"You stupid old man!" said I "You just
don't get it!"

"What?!" He exclaimed as steam rose
from his ears,
"To acquire that wealth would have
taken you years!"
With a twist of his wrist and an oft-
practiced flair,
I looked down and my falchion was no
longer there.
Oh, it sure took awhile, but I finally
knew fear!

I tried to keep calm, but it was just too
late, darnit.
"This is the end of the line for you,
varmint!"
Say your prayers, little one, I'll not
anger your god!"
So I knelt and I cried—press'd my face
in the sod,
When my teary eye fell on an
almondine garnet.

Without even a thought I rose and I
threw it.
I would never be able to say that I
knew it
Would have the effect that it did on
that day.
I saw a white, brilliant light, felt the
ground give way
So I closed my eyes, wishing that I
could sink through it.

When I opened my eyes, I started to
weep,
In place of the giant stood a small
bleating sheep!
It was tethered to the place the giant
had been
Though he, thank the gods, was not to
be seen.
I surely was dead, or else fast asleep.

I searched, but the giant was nowhere
nearby
And I noticed that the sheep was also
missing an eye.
I concluded that the kob whose death
was so tragic
Had happened upon a gem of great
magic
Cloaked as an almondine garnet—how
sly!

So, that must have been what the giant
was after!
(I could see why he considered the
item worth slaughter.)
The very kobold and gem which began
this strife
Were, ironically, the same which had
saved me my life!
(Thank the gods—if you listen, you
can make out their laughter!)

The sheep stared me down (with its
one eye blue)
I could tell that it wanted to bite me in
two.
It gave quite a struggle as I stuffed him
in my sack
(the whole time I fearing that he
would change back!)
So I thought it best his life to undo.

I ran so fast I thought my lungs might
burst,
Made it back to town—quickly
quenched my thirst.
Then off to the butcher's where the
giant lamb was slain.
Bought a round at the pub just so I
could proclaim,
"He was bad as a giant but now he's
the wurst!"

As for the garnet, I truly despair
That in my haste, I just left it there.
Some wandering kobold has found it,
no doubt
And, liking shiny things, carries it
about.
If you find that rare gemstone,
remember—and beware! ♦

(Weapons, continued from page 9)

- Outlass (scimitar)
- Sabers (scimitar)
- Gladius (short sword)

Weight

Weapons have different weights based on the weapon type modified by the material. Most falchions and broadswords I have seen weigh about five pounds. Mein and laen equipment will be much heavier, weighing in at around 15 pounds. The heavier the weapon, the more problems you may have with your RT going up. You may be able to avoid the RT penalty for heavy weapons if you are very strong.

Bonus to AS

The bonus a weapon gives your AS is based simply on how much the weapon has been enchanted. Magical materials act like enchantments.

- Steel = No bonus
- Mithril = +5 (1X enchanted)
- Ora/Eog = +10 (2X enchanted)
- Imflass/Ithloss = +12
- Mein/Glaes/Laen = +15 (3X enchanted)
- Vultite/Shaalk = +20 (4X enchanted)
- Eonake/Iorake = +20 (Sanctified)
- Rolaren = +20 ("improved" vultite)
- Krodera/Kregora = +25

There are said to be magical metals that are even more powerful than those I have listed. They are not listed because I do not have any hard information about them.

Note that weapons may be enchanted more than the basic material bonus. You may see or hear about a 5X enchanted mithril weapon. That means the weapon is +25 above its base +5. The metals have different weight and strength qualities as well. The most important ones to remember are: imflass is the lightest, and mein is the heaviest and strongest.

AVD

Weapons have a different bonus versus each armor type. It's called the "Attack verses Defense" modifier. It is

expressed as a flat number to the weapons bonus to your AS. From what I have seen, this number can be ignored. Some people seem to think that because a rapier gets a +45 AVD against targets in no armor, that it's a worthwhile weapon. I disagree.

A broadsword will get +36 against targets in no armor, but the extra damage you do is substantial. So the best advice is to mostly ignore the AVD. The only use I have seen for it is to figure out what a specific weapon of some unknown properties hits as. If you pick up an Elven Longsword, swing at a marmot and get a +36 AVD, odds are it is a broadsword.

The only other time you'd look at AVD is on attacks directed at you. But that is useful for checking out your armor, not useful for weapons.

I haven't really experimented much with ambush bonus, but it seems as if the smaller the weapon, then the greater chance in hitting the spot you are aiming for. It seems to be of little consequence, though, since all the well-trained ambushers I know do just fine with broadswords.

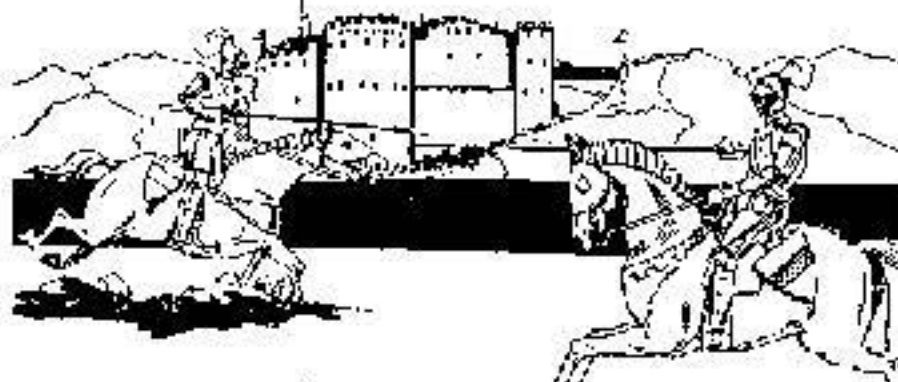
Type of Criticals

Most weapons have one or two different types of critical hits. Broadwords do slash and puncture criticals, maces do crushing criticals. Most weapon crits seemed to be balanced; the additional damage and wounds seem to be about even. I have seen creatures immune to certain types of crits. Specifically, some undead seem to ignore damage from weapons that do punctures. This is another reason that falchions are favored, since they don't do puncture crits, only slash and crush.

Criticals are the cute little descriptions of damage you get at the bottom of your attack result. They are the things that actually give you

wounds as opposed to just taking Health Points.

There are 10 or so Crit ranks, going from 0 to 9. A Rank 0 crit is a "fluff" crit and does not usually leave a mark (unless you don't have any armor in the location; but that's another subject). Rank 9 crits are the nastiest and can mean instant death, depending on the location hit.



Criticals are based entirely on the amount of health damage your attack did to the target. The interesting thing about crits is that they add additional health damage to the hit. That is why when attacking the same target with the same armor and getting the same roll, you may find your damage to vary because you hit a different location.

Generally, locations like arms and hands will not add very much damage. Chest, back and abs add the most additional damage. I don't have the exact break down, but the progression is something like this:

1-5 hps	Rank 0	No extra damage
6-10	Rank 1	1-10 extra hps
11-15	Rank 2	5-15
16-20	Rank 3	10-20
21-25	Rank 4	15-25
26-30	Rank 5	20-30
31-35	Rank 6	25-35
36-40	Rank 7	30-40
41-45	Rank 8	35-45
46+	Rank 9	40-75+

The above table is based purely on my limited personal experience, and is meant not as a scientific guide, but to give a general idea.

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Magic Enhancements

With the basics out of the way, we can move on to the more interesting aspects of weapon lore. There exist certain qualities that may not be present in the items bought in the weapon shop, but must be found or acquired from a merchant. Fortunate indeed is the adventurer who finds an exotic weapon or a willing merchant.

The different properties I have seen added to weapons are:

Elemental Flares
Damage Weighting
Critical Weighting
Permanent Blessing
Sanctified
Defenders

Elemental Flares

These seem to be the biggest area of confusion. What elemental flares accomplish is that periodically, when you score a hit with a weapon, the weapon will "flare" with a elemental effect and do extra damage.

Most weapons, however, only do a small amount of damage on these flares. Most of the weapons I have seen that do this can be expected to do an additional 5 to 15 points of damage one out of every 10 swings.

In my experience, weapons with elemental flares are not worth much more than a similar normal weapon. If you want to check it out for yourself, find a drake weapon and experiment with it.

The one exception to the flares is weapons that are "Ebladed." Spell 411 can only be cast on a normal weapon and makes the weapon +20 and gives it elemental flares. However, the flares that eblade does are considerably better than the permanent ones found in weapons. Expect an additional 20-50 points every one out of 10 swings.

The different types of flares I have seen in my experience seem to be very similar. But people definitely seem to prefer some types of flares above

others, and naturally that would affect price and desirability of the weapon. In descending order, these are preferred flares:

Electrical/Lightning
Fire
Vibration (also called earth crits)
Cold

Damage Weighting

Damage weighting is much less apparent when using a weapon than are elemental flares, unless you are very familiar with the amount of damage a weapon does. Damage weighting comes in different levels of effect and increases the amount of damage done. However, it doesn't increase the level of the crit.

For example, let's say you have a normal falchion. You swing and do 30 points of damage. According to my crit chart, that would be a rank 5 crit. Maybe you would gash the arm of your target. If that weapon had +20 worth of damage weighting, you would do 50 points of damage, but your crit would still be a rank 5 crit based on the original 30 scored.

What this means is, if you are used to taking out creatures on health damage alone, the damage weighting will help you. You will do more damage with every hit. If you are just using "Ambush Troll Neck" and going for the one shot kills, damage weighting won't really help. For that, you want critical weighting.

Critical Weighting

Critical weighting on weapons can also be hard to figure out. It has a similar effect to damage weighting, except it increases the rank of the crit without increasing the actual damage done.

For example, you swing your normal falchion and score 30 points of damage. As we have seen on my crit rank chart, that is a rank 5 crit. If that weapon had +20 worth of crit weighting, the critical result would be as if you had really done 50 points of

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SIMUTRONICS
I O E P O K A I I O N

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damage. Which would be a Rank 9 crit. Boom! You hit and did only 30 points of damage, but you may have severed an arm.

Most weapons with serrated, jagged, wicked, or other types of descriptive text have crit weighting.

I have found no way of actually figuring out the level of damage or crit weighting an item has. There is a location in the game where you can check weapons for the different weightings (find it yourself!) and bards can also check for damage and crit weighting. But I haven't found how to tell the level of the critical weighting. Experimentation is the one method I have relied upon so far.

Also, there are a couple of liabilities to damage and crit weighting. One is that the weapon can no longer be blessed, either by Voln, pure potion or regular bless. Two, is that weapons can't be enchanted by a player after they have been weighted. Three, a weapon cannot be both damage *and* crit weighted. It's one or the other.

Permabless

Permabless weapons are exceedingly rare and expensive. Expect to pay in the millions for these if you can find them. These are weapons that are permanently blessed for everyone.

Sanctified

A sanctified weapon is a weapon that is permanently blessed, but only in the hands of a cleric. Another profession may use the weapon but it will only be permablessed for clerics. Weapons of this type are really only worth more to clerics, but since clerics keep everyone alive, I would say to make clerics happy and let them get these weapons for a reasonable amount.

Defenders

Defending is a truly nifty weapon enchantment. It seems to be most useful for wizards. What defending means is that some of the weapon's bonus always adds to your DS vs.

physical attacks. So if you have a +15 AS/+15 DS defender, even if you are in Stance Offensive you will have the benefit of +15 more DS. In Stance Defensive you will gain the full +30 to your DS. As an arms user though, this doesn't seem very useful. If I am going to pay for a +30 weapon, I want to be able to switch to Stance Offensive and hit with the full +30.

But as a wizard, I would really want a full defender with all of the bonus in DS so that when I switched to full offense and threw a firebolt I would have all of the bonus in DS.

Pricing Considerations

With that said, below are listed some thoughts on how the above qualities



Permabless weapons are exceedingly rare. Expect to pay in the millions if you find them.

influence price. Obviously, a weapon's worth is whatever someone will pay you for it. The prices below are a reflection of my opinion of the relative worth and price increases among enchantments.

+5	10,000 silvers
+10	15,000 silvers
+12	30,000 silvers
+15	30,000 silvers
+20	60,000 silvers
+25	250,000+ silvers
+30	500,000+ silvers

Weight

Lightened weapons are always worth more than an equivalent normal or heavy weapon.

Base Weapon Type

The base weapon type has little effect on the price unless it's a limited use weapon like a rapier or dagger. Weapons that are not available in the weapon shop also go for a bit more. Falchions, katanas and sickles are examples of this. In most cases though, there will be little price difference between a +30 hand axe and a +30 broadsword. Falchions will also go for more because they are perceived to be the best edged weapon.

"Cool" Weapons

Feel free to pay whatever you want for a weapon with a description you like. It's nice to reward the creativity of whoever designed it.

Bastard Swords

Bastard swords are weapons that can be use one-handed or two-handed. With some recent changes in the way two-handed weapons are used to parry, these have jumped in price. A non-enchanted bastard sword would probably be worth at least 50,000 silvers. The price climbs dramatically as the bonus goes up. I'd pay 450,000 silvers for a +20 bastard sword.

Elemental Crits

I would price these about 40,000 silvers above a weapon of similar enchantment. Of course, I would never pay that much; I find the crits to be of little value.

So, a +15 broadsword with cold crits would be about 30,000 for the broadsword and another 40,000 for the crits, for a total worth of about 70,000. It's ludicrous to me that someone wishing an effective weapon would pay over 100,000 for one of these. Buy vultite instead! Now, if your concern is a nice-looking weapon, then you might want to spend whatever the market demands.

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Crit and Damage Weighting

Crit weighting and damage weighting seem to add monetary value based on the bonus of the weapon. So, a +0 weighted falchion might be worth 15,000, a +5 damage weighted might be worth 25,000, +10 maybe 50,000, +15 120,000 and so on.

Defenders

I have gathered no info on as far as price on these unique and coveted weapon types. But as they seem to be very rare, expect to pay the total of the AS and DS bonus plus some.

Permabless

Due to the rarity and usefulness of permanently blessed weapons, I would reckon their selling price in the millions. The only exception might be undesirable base weapons, such as a permablessed dagger.

Non-Magic Weapons with Bonuses

These are something to look out for, non-magic weapons with a bonus to AS. I have found two weapons now that were +5 non-magic. What that

means is that you could eblade them to be +25, which is rather good. They each cost about 30,000.

Old Names

Old material names will generally go for more money, but are in all ways identical to the new names. They are just different names. Personally, I am too cheap to pay more for a shaalk weapon when vultite works just as well.

Exotic Combination Weapons

Beware some exotic and attractive-seeming combos! Some combo weapons sound very powerful but, in fact, aren't very effective. If you have the chance, find out how much the weapon originally cost from the merchant. That will give you a general idea. One specific overpriced weapon I have seen is "a saw-toothed vultite saber." The "saw tooth" generally means crit weighted, which it was, but the base damage on a saber was poor to begin with. That poor base cancelled out the weighting, so there was no outstandingly positive net result. I'd price that particular combination at about 80,000.

The Bottom Line

I hope you have enjoyed my very personal, very subjective, and very unscientific survey of weapon types and their innate and transformed properties. The values and prices are based solely on what I would be willing to pay, and what I consider would be of use to my progress in the realms of Elanthia.

However, as we know and cherish, each adventurer in the lands is unique, and often a special weapon can contribute much more to your character than just a bunch of statistics. So the bottom line is this: the value of each individual weapon is in the eye of its beholder, and of course in the eye of its potential seller and buyer. Here's hoping there's not too large of a gap between the former and the latter next time you decide to go weapon shopping! ♦

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♦♦♦



(King's Treasure, continued from page 8)

Anthriss looked at the others. "You too?" he asked. They all nodded, their gazes remaining on the blackness of the cave. Anthriss then noticed something on the rock wall. He pointed it out to the rogue and said, "Elyssa, do you know how to read this gibberish?"

"It's in an old language, but let me try." Elyssa paused for a moment, reflecting on what she had just read. She then looked up and said, "I think I know why we feel like something's not right."

"What does it say?" demanded Jy-Lin impatiently.

"It says, 'Undead Headquarters. Enter and perish suddenly. We're quite mean. Really.' We're at the wrong cave!!" Elyssa calmed down and took the maps from her backpack. "Here we are," she said, "at the Undead cave. Now according to this, we turn right." She looked at the map while she walked. "One, two, three, four, five paces, and turn left." Lo and behold, another cave was there.

"How do we know this is the right cave, though?" questioned Tumar.

"Easy," said Allirin. "That sign next to the entrance says, 'Orc Hideout. Watch for slobber puddles.'"

Elyssa sighed. "Well, I guess this is the place. Keep your guard up, folks. They may be stupid, but these orcs can crush a skull rather easily. Now, follow me, and do watch for, uh, slobber puddles," said Elyssa.

The group entered the cave two wide, with Elyssa and Anthriss in front, Jy-Lin and Tumar repeatedly kicking each other behind them, and Allirin in the back, shaking her head at the stupidity of the mages. The twisting tunnels seemed to lead for miles in all directions. After about an hour of walking, the group found two orcs wandering around a spot where two tunnels intersected, continuously pointing in various directions, scratching their heads, and walking into each other a lot.

Elyssa heard the sound of someone being slapped in the head behind her. Still staring at the orcs, she scolded, "Out it out, Jy-Lin! The orcs will hear you!"

"It wasn't me, it was him!" exclaimed Jy-Lin.

"Me?" gasped Tumar. "Why you little son of a rolton, your father was a kobold and your mother had no teeth!"

Jy-Lin stared at his brother for a moment. "You're stupid, aren't you?" came the reply. "My parents were your parents too, dimwit!"

Allirin became increasingly nervous that her protection for the group would run out just as the orcs heard the two mages fight. Then Anthriss screamed at the brothers, "Would you two knock it off now?! Do you want the orcs to hear you?!!" His booming voice caught the attention of the orcs, who began to head towards the party.

"Thanks a lot, you big oaf!" said an annoyed Elyssa. "Now they're running, er, walking, um, er, waddling, well, they're heading over here!" Reaching her rapier, she saw Anthriss charge and decapitate one of the nasty creatures with one swift stroke. The other orc saw this, dropped his halberd, and sat down.

"What's he doing? Is he sad because that was his friend?" whispered Allirin.

"I didn't think orcs could have friends," muttered Tumar. No sooner did he utter those words than the sitting orc began having a grand time smiling and playing with the loose head. "I guess I was right," said the sorcerer.

"Told ya they would rather play with it than get mad at the ones who did it, Elyssa," sneered Jy-Lin as he proceeded down the tunnel to congratulate Anthriss on his clean kill.

"Oh, I'm so sorry for ever having doubted you, great wizard," Elyssa cried. "Please forgive me, oh master! Get real, Jy-Lin. Just because he did it doesn't mean they all...Tumar,

Tumar! Put that wand away! Let's just leave the poor orc alone with his ball."

"Aww, but I never blew up an orc before! C'mon, he's such an easy target, too! Pleeeeeease, Elyssa?"

"Oh, all right. But just this once," muttered the disgruntled rogue.

"All right! Everybody stand clear," said Tumar. "We don't want any accidents like what happened with that kobold before. I really am sorry about that, Elyssa."

"Oh, shut up and get it over with," said Elyssa. "All right, everyone behind this wall."

The other four took their hiding spots as the sorcerer stood in the middle of the intersecting tunnels. He



The group continued until it reached a large, oak door imbedded in the wall.

began to speak the magic words, and suddenly a rather large splat was heard as pieces of orc flew every which way. Tumar, feeling rather pleased with himself, turned around smiling only to see Elyssa standing there holding a large orc arm, bleeding from the nose. Without a word, she walked over to the speechless sorcerer and started to thump him over and over with the limb.

After relieving her anger at the expense of a large welt under Tumar's left eye and multiple bruises on his body, she turned and walked down the path without saying a word. The remaining three stood there, first looking at the dazed Tumar, and then

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(King's Treasure, continued from page 16)

Elyssa. After watching her go around the corner, they all just looked at each other for about thirty seconds, until Elyssa came back around the corner into view. "We just came from there," she said in a low voice. After looking at each person there, she turned towards the tunnel on her left and said, "Lair's this way," and started walking. Anthris shrugged, and they all followed Elyssa into more shadows and blackness.

"The orc leader's main hall should be close by," said Allirin. "But we've only seen those two morons miles back. I wonder what's going on." The group continued until it reached a large, oak door imbedded in the wall. A slight push on it sent the door into a huge chamber, around eighty feet high and sixty feet in diameter. They looked around, but all they saw was a large treasure chest.

"Well, this is your specialty, Elyssa. Have fun," said Jy-Lin as he leaned against a thick greenish-brown pole. "This thing feels like an orc's skin," noted the wizard. Just then, it raised up about two feet and sent Jy-Lin face first into the ground.

"What kind of pole can lift off the ground by itself?" asked Anthris, to no one in particular.

"How about that kind?" replied Allirin, pointing upwards. Standing

there, leg raised, was the biggest orc in history! At least sixty feet tall, and nearly as wide as the room, the orc growled and let its general unhappiness be known at being bothered.

"What kind of sorcery could do this?" said a awe-stricken Tumar.

"Aha!" exclaimed Elyssa. "I'll bet this is the reason we never saw any orcs. Someone must have cast a spell that melded all of them into one creature, probably to guard the king's treasure."

The orc continued to let out a long growl that echoed through the cave for miles. Then he reached down to grab the fear-stricken adventurers and crush them to death.

But on the way down... *whoomp!* The orc's head made a huge crashing sound as it slammed into the wall when he bent over. Determined, it turned around and attempted it a second time. *Whoomp!*...the same result. Over and over, the monstrosity tried to get its hands on one of the trespassers, but continually hit the wall with its head. The party's fear slowly subsided into confusion, surprise, and finally, a great deal of amusement as they watched the monster's futile attempts to carry out its guard duties.

"This is, well, pretty funny," laughed Tumar. "But I think we should get the chest out of here before it figures out it could just lift its leg and step on us rather easily."

"Or lift its leg and drown us," chimed in Anthris. The whole group shuddered at the thought. Elyssa wandered over to the chest and took a look at the lock.

"It's got three locks, each with an explosive trap. I might be able to do it, with some magical help," she said, her gaze forcing Jy-Lin to look away in shame. "I'd rather not try it now. But it's pretty heavy. Do you think you can handle it, Anthris?"

Without testing its weight, Anthris hiked up his armor and boasted, "No

problem! Just let me get a good grip on the handles." With a mighty lift, the giantman lifted it to his chest, immediately followed by a quick succession of popping sounds.

"Was that your back?!" asked a concerned Allirin.

"It's nothing," claimed Anthris, mustering up the manliest sounding voice he could under the circumstances. "I just won't be bending over for a while...or doing anything else, for that matter."

"If you say so," said Allirin. And with that, the party returned home, leaving the orc hideout with the treasure and the mammoth orc with a mammoth headache. Since Anthris was busy carrying the chest and trying to hide the vast amount of pain he had inflicted on himself, the two spell-casters were separated to the front and back of the group, so as not to cause anymore trouble. As they approached the town gates, Jy-Lin noticed the growing amount of wincing being done by the giantman.

"Wow, that looks heavy, Anthris," said the wizard. "I bet that means there's a bunch of treasure inside!"

"Too bad we don't get to keep any of it," Elyssa reminded. "The deal was we give back the treasure, and receive 20,000 silvers. Wow, I can't wait to get my hands on that money! What'll you do with your share, Anthris?"

"Find...healer," groaned Anthris quietly.

The group reached the castle to find a grand reception of three ministers awaiting them at the gates. "Bring it inside," said one of them. "Let's get you paid and out of here."

"Gee, I feel a lot of love here, don't you?" Tumar whispered to Allirin.

When they were brought before the king, Anthris set down, well, dropped the chest on the floor. The group all knelt before the king, except Anthris, who smiled weakly. But His Majesty seemed to take no

(Continued on page 18)



(King's Treasure, continued from page 17)

notice of it and ordered the money to be brought forth.

"There you go, folks. 4,000 silver pieces each, for a total of 20,000 silvers. The kingdom appreciates all your hard work. You may go now, and thank you."

"Any time, Your Majesty," said Elyssa with a low curtsy, and the group turned and left, happily playing with their new fortune while helping Anthris to the door. Just as they were about to leave, a young child bounded



down the west stairs and said, "Daddy! Daddy! Did you get Fluffy back yet?"

"Yes, son, they just got the chest open," said the king.

"Happy happy joy joy!" shrieked the young prince as the locksmiths handed him the treasure the five adventurers had returned with. They turned around to see the child get his prize.

"We risked life and limb for..." started Tumar.

"A stuffed roltion?!" finished Jy-Lin. "That's it, somebody's gonna die!"

"You're absolutely right!" said an enraged Tumar. "Get out your wands, brother. That kid is toast!"

"No...stop...wait...stop!!!" yelled Elyssa, but to no avail.

"What do you want, Elyssa?" giggled Allirin. "We've always wanted them to agree on something." ♦

Legend of Anangri, Sonya, and Dandis

by Morgann Stormcrowe

Nigh on a century ago there lived a man by the name of Lord Anangri, eldest son of the Noble Elven House of Ta'Adrenai, a great warrior who lived with his beautiful lady love and wife, Sonya. They were soul mates who had found each other early in life, and shared the kind of love that dreams and ballads are made of. But, as is often the case, fate turned her smile away from this couple, and this is their tale.

Fate seldom smiles, but when she does,
Count your blessings on the wings of doves,
For like a rose that inspires the heart,
It lasts only a short season then falls apart.

A war came to the lands, an invasion to threaten not only the town but the whole realm. Hordes of vile beasts poured forth to battle the brave folk of the land, and Anangri, being the brave leader that he was and a man of honor, left Sonya's side to defend the land and their home. As the war dragged on, Anangri led his men bravely and, because of his valor and strength, the tide of many a battle was turned.

In one of the last, and greatest, battles of this war, amid the swirl of melee Anangri became separated from the other troops. Bravely he fought, and the troops tried vainly to reach him, but there were too many of the beasts. The men saw him fall amidst the horde as they were pushed back by the vast numbers that confronted them. A young Lord Dandis, Anangri's brother who had fought beside him throughout the war watching his brother's back, would not stop trying to get to his brother and had to be dragged away by the remaining troops to keep him from the same fate as his brother. When the battle was over they did search for, but did not find, the body of Lord Anangri.

In times of trouble, all must be brave,
In times of war, just try to save,
In times of need, you must do your part,
But always remember to follow your heart.

It was brave Dandis that carried the sad news of Anangri's fate to Sonya. As you can well imagine Sonya did not take the news well, in fact she was devastated by the loss of her love. During the following days she began to waste away, as she would not eat unless fed, and her will to live seemed to have disappeared with her husband.

Throughout this ordeal, Dandis stayed by her side, taking care of and comforting her in her time of mourning. He supported her and gave her a shoulder to cry on and, in time, he did help her to come out of her depression. As she got better, Dandis did ask of her only one thing, for her to consent to be his wife so that he might do what his brother had not, to give her a child of her own, and though reluctant she did agree. She was the light of Dandis's life, and he did love her with all his heart, but Sonya still carried her love for Anangri within her even then. She did care for Dandis, but could never love him as she did his brother. The two were married, and for a time they were content and at peace.

(Continued on page 21)

(Reaching, continued from page 4)

boulder struck the top of the cab and, as my guide had predicted, we were knocked back into a more balanced position over the trellis. I immediately tried to throw myself to the center of the cab for fear I would overbalance us to the other side.

"Anyway," he continued, seemingly indifferent to our recent escape from certain death, "the gods were admiring the view, and one or two of them had begun arguing about what should be done with the mountain. One said, 'Bring it up to Liabo. It's too nice a mountain to leave it here on Elanthia.' Another wanted to just leave it where it was, 'since the mortals probably think we have something to do with its being there in the first place, and they're likely all the more awed because of it.' Well, pretty soon they were all talking at once, each trying to convince the others simultaneously that their idea was the best." The cab had reached the top of the trellis now, and we got out, he a little more steadily than I, I'm afraid. We were on another wide platform, but the far side of this one was entirely lost in fog. My guide began walking into the fog. Before he'd taken two steps, I lost sight of him.

"We can't be going in there. How will we know when to duck?"

"Relax," he answered. "We're practically at the top of the mountain, or this part anyway. There's hardly any thing left to fall on us from here." That didn't reassure me as much as he might have hoped. If we were that close to the top, then we had that much farther to fall if we walked the wrong way in the fog. I looked back almost fondly at the cab as it rested wearily at the top of the trellis but just then a boulder fell from somewhere above and very nearly knocked the cab entirely off the track. With a shudder, I turned towards the wall of fog ahead of me and took a few hesitant steps forward. When I could no longer see my hands, I came to a halt.

"Where are you?" my guide called from somewhere in front of me.

"Here!" I called back.

"Don't move." I was quite content to follow this instruction. The next minute, a hand flapped once, twice across my face and settled on my nose. From just in front of me I heard his voice.

"Belladonna, is that you?" For answer I bit hard his finger. "Here," he said, and he pressed some kind of rope into my hands. "These just sort of grow along the wall up ahead. This is how we get up the rest of the way."

Figuring out what he wanted me to do with the rope took even less time than doing it, and in minutes I was at the top of Melgorehn's Reach, or so I supposed. He wasted no time admiring the view. "We're going through here," he said, pointing to a small opening in a nearby rock wall. I felt somewhat cheated. Looking up, I saw Liabo so close it seemed like I could touch it, but obviously the mountain went up even farther. One of the moons of Elanthia was in clear view. I began to wonder how long we'd been climbing. It was no later than noon when we'd started up the hill, yet here it was clearly night. My guide had disappeared already, so without further thought I went through the opening he had pointed out to me.

I found him waiting for me, seated on the floor of a chamber with just a

single onyx altar for furnishings. He pointed up. I could see many small holes in the ceiling above us, but before I could begin to make out what pattern they might form, a shaft of moonlight broke through several of

the tiny openings. I was hardly surprised to note the light fell on the altar, making a kind of star-like pattern. What did surprise me though was the noise it made. I had never heard such noisy moonlight before.

"What in Elanthia and Liabo is that noise?"

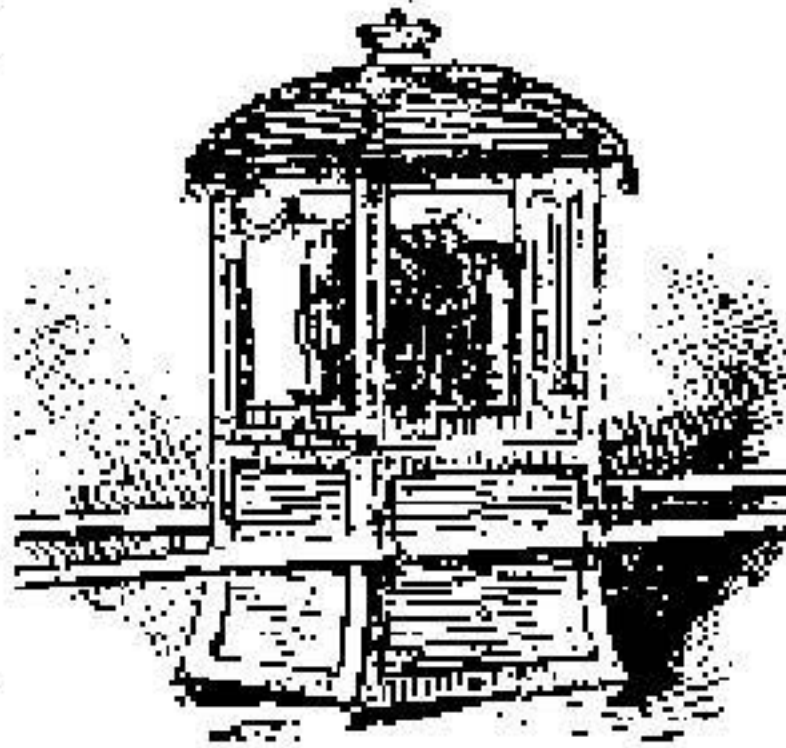
I asked, imaginatively.

"They're trying again," he grinned. "See, while they were having their little conference about what they should do with the mountain, they all got too busy to think about the fact that they were still moving toward the mountain the whole time. Next thing they know, bump goes Liabo into the top of the mountain, and then bump goes the mountain onto the ground it's been shading for centuries."

"The gods crashed their moon into a mountain?"

"Been stuck there for the better part of my life," he replied with a smile. "Stuck pretty good, too. What you're seeing here is them trying to get their moon moving again. They cast all their magic into trying to push the thing off of the mountain, so naturally when the moon stays put the magic all comes flying back at the mountain

(Continued on page 20)



He took my hand and led me to a small cab. He nudged me into it and in moments we were lurching up the mountain.

(Reaching, continued from page 19)

instead. But they can't just cast all that magic forever or they might blow up the whole moon so they only go at it by whiles at a time. Every so often they start up again, though. And if you're here when it happens," he winked, flipping a wand onto the moonlit star on the altar, "there's enough magic coming back down from that moon to refill as many wands as you've got the patience to sit still for." That was enough for me. How I'd managed to get all the way to the top of Melgorehn's Reach without realizing my guide was insane I didn't know, but it was obviously time to leave.

"How do I get down from here?" I asked. With an even broader smile, he pointed through a hole in the floor of the room with one thumb.

"Go sit in the pool," he suggested. "An idea might come to you." Stranger advice I never heard, but for whatever reason, I took it. In the room below there was a pool, and I tried to sit in it. As soon as I'd put my right foot in the pool, and then put my weight on my right foot, however, I realized the time for thinking was past. I slipped, ending up in the sitting position I'd intended all along, but in a stream of water that flowed through an opening in the west wall.



Before I could even try to regain my feet, the water had carried me with it. Soon I was sliding through tunnels, mostly underwater, gasping at pockets of air, and always going downhill, moving faster than I've ever moved before or since.

You may think it's hard to get lost going downhill but there were waterways branching off to both sides. As it happened, I had my coin purse on my left side, so I was leaning to my left almost the entire ride down the mountain. By the time I arrived, utterly drenched, half-drowned and airborne at the waterfall spilling out near the base of the mountain, the sun was shining again. It slowly dawned on me that I was by the same lake that fed the stream we'd passed over on the drawbridge in the start of our journey.

To this day I haven't figured out if I was just lying there by the lake dreaming the whole time, but if I was, it must have been a prophetic dream. Though I never saw my guide again, I've been up the mountain many times since, and following that path he showed me has brought me through every time. ♦

(To Friends, continued from page 1)

their fifth year of training by killing rats and running messages. Both can be solitary pursuits. When does a busy adventurer have time to make friends?

My solution: I've found that the best way to meet people is when you are out hunting. Hanging around town can be daunting. If you are in a high-traffic area, such as Town Square Central or the Front Gate, it is confusing. Dozens of people are talking, thinking, acting; it goes by in a blur. At the front gate, empaths are busy healing wounds, clerics are busy raising the dead, and a constant line of people stream into and out of the East Tower, looking for a kind rogue to open treasure boxes for them.

Certainly, you might find people at leisure in the Ragging Thrak Inn. Look around enough, and you'll even find people to talk with, to interact with. But young adventurers don't come to our fair city to sit around the fireplace. They come looking for adventure and their fortune. This takes them outside the city gates.

Unless you managed to make some friends while hunting rats or running messages, you're probably going to be wandering out there alone. Don't despair! This is the best way to meet people.

Suppose that you encounter someone else, alone and hunting ores. Why not pause and ask if they'd like to hunt with you? Suddenly, you have someone to talk to, some to interact with, someone who might become a friend. If you have a good time, you can make arrangements to meet again for another hunt. If you aren't enjoying your companion, you can always leave, and look for someone else.

If you encounter a group, the possibilities multiply. Here is a group of people to get to know. Soon, they'll be introducing you to their other friends, and you'll know so many people, you won't be able to remember all the names.

This works well for older folks as well. If you've staked out your hunting territory, why not invite those who wander through to join with you? There is safety in numbers, and having a few people to interact with makes the time fly by.

I have spent a lot of time in wraiths, and have come to love the crawlspace of the Abandoned Inn. The crawlspace, by long tradition, is an open area; anyone who comes there is welcome. I have made some good friends there, and expect that I'll make many more before I move on to zombies and titans.

So why not do yourself a favor. Ask a stranger to hunt with you. Who knows? You might find that the stranger is really a friend you just hadn't met yet. ♦

[Speaking of old friends, I'd like to welcome Jamel, who is an long-time acquaintance and a familiar face from many years of exceptional roleplaying in GemStone III. He also has been involved in many aspects of the gaming and publishing industries. For inquiries about the Herald, you can contact him at BRUCEHH@AOL.COM. - Gyrfacon.]

(Legend, continued from page 18)

True love shines like the sun in the sky,
Compassion never asks why,
It's the finer man who speaks the truth,
Even when only he sees its proof.

Almost a year after their marriage Sonya found herself with child, she would give Dandis that which she had not had the chance to give Anangri. While this should have been joyous news, Fate had other plans for these poor folk. For a man appeared at the gates, in tattered scraps of clothing barely more than rags. Beaten and bruised he came in but nonetheless the guards did recognize the disheveled man. Lord Anangri had returned from the dead and come back to his home and his wife. In all honesty he did not die in the war, but had been taken captive, and all this while he had been tortured, beaten, and worked nigh unto death, but where other men would have fallen he lived to return to the love of his life.

Anangri's return was immediately announced to house Ta'Adrenai, and Sonya. Not knowing how to take this news, being pregnant with his brother's child, she wept tears of joy for his return even still. Shock, denial, love, and desperation, all were warring within her breast, for she realized that she had given up on her true love and married his brother. In her current state of shock she did commit a most desperate act; she drank a most lethal poison. Her death was quick, and in an instant both she and her child became just a memory with her life's passing.

In life's darkest hour, when grief overwhelms,
When shadows cover all of the realms,
Sometimes the pain is too great to bear,
It is then that you know that fate does not care.

When the news of Sonya's death reached Anangri it did what torture could not, it broke his spirit. With his heart broken and his will crushed like pottery and scattered to the wind, he wandered back out the gates of town, never to be seen again. Witnesses said he dropped something as he turned to go, perhaps it was his wedding band.

While Dandis, in his own grief, did blame himself for the whole thing, and for Sonya's death and Anangri's grief he could not forgive himself. Dandis did follow his brother's fate this time though, and wandered out the gate, never to be heard from again. In his grief he clutched two items to his breast as he walked away, two bands of purest gold for two lives lost.



When love dies it takes part of the soul,
And never again will you feel whole,
But far worse it is to never have known,
The heights to which you might have flown.

Now more recently the spectral figure of Sonya has been seen beneath the temple, crying out for her long lost love. And the figure of Anangri has been reported, showing up soon after Sonya's specter fades, but always too late to see her. The two long departed lovers desperately try to reach across time and space, to touch the one they hold still dear in their heart. Time and again they have come, but to no avail, they miss each other by moments that might as well be eternity. Their cries are enough to break all but the hardest heart, and their tears have been joined by those few who have witnessed their arrival. This continued for some time, touching the hearts of many in the lands, and their pain did draw the compassionate forward to lend a hand.

But it was not until the stranger came to town that all became clear. The stranger came to the crypt, and did wait with many whose hearts were touched, and when the figures showed up he did speak with them, and they to him.

And then he did bring forth the two gold bands to unite them once again. Lord Dandis had come from his restless wandering to put an end to their suffering, an end to the grief that he had played a part in causing. The wedding bands of Anangri and Sonya did Dandis bring to them to renew their link to each other.

Reunited at last the lovers did rest once again in each others' embrace, and before leaving Lord Dandis and his brother Lord Anangri did speak, and all was forgiven. Now Dandis could find his own peace and let this life slip away, now that he had completed his atonement. For a time afterward the shades that haunt the crypts were silent, their own sad wailing forgotten by what they had witnessed, and all who were present for the reuniting left with a new sense of purpose.

In life there is beauty, and a chance for love still,
In death there is peace, once life is fulfilled,
But a love that lingers, far beyond death,
Is a treasure to be cherished, even with your last breath.

This is dedicated to the beautiful lady Aries, a very special lass that fought to bring together the shades of Anangri and Sonya, even after others had given up. If not for

(Continued on page 22)

(Cornucopia of Hints continued from page 7)

this process is one that is most rewarding when deciphered on your own, I will omit the details here.

There is way to figure out how much the deed will cost, depending on your character personally. I have come up with a deed formula by experimenting, and you should be able to do so as well. Remember this, and stock up on deeds, especially as a youngster. They will serve you well.

4. Hint for Anyone: Always mind your manners. No matter how insignificant this seems, it is important. Especially around Lords and Ladies. Still think it is trivial? Well, listen to my story. One fine day, I had come back to Town Square and was about to leave. I really had to go. Not just literally. And I figured since no one was paying particular attention to me, I would relieve myself in a quiet corner of the Square. I didn't know the authoritative nature of Lords. One saw what I did. He gestured at me and I was gassed! (Literal) I was stunned for about 3 minutes. During this time, he dragged me to the southwest corner of Wehnimer's. There, he proceeded to lecture me on how public places were not for that kind of action and how I should "keep it zipped". What can I say? I was young and foolish. And I was very lucky that the Lord took time to talk about this to me, before the Gods had a chance to strike me down for such crude behavior.

5. Hint for Anyone: No lone adventurer can survive the relentless onslaught of creatures and perils. You must learn to rely on your fellow adventurers. Whether it's fighting by your side, rezzing you, buying that steel chest you've always wanted to unload, or even telling you directions. Who else is going to help you other than your companions?

6. For Anyone: During monster invasions, here are some crucial hints to insure your survival:

A. If you're an empath or cleric, head to the Raging Thrak Inn. This is

the HQ of healing and rezzes. A safe place and you get to practice your skills.

B. Extremely low level characters should stay in buildings where no monsters come. For example, one of the inns or shops in town. These monstrous invaders are much bigger compared to the rats you've been fighting. Leave the job to the brave Lords and Ladies who risk their lives to save the town and your young hide.

Of course, no matter what your age and skills, don't go out on a kamikaze mission. Just because you can't die yet doesn't mean you should try something you aren't up to.

C. Lord and Ladies. You know your jobs, of course.

D. During the course of an invasion in town, try out your hack and slash if you think you're up to it. If possible, protect others who can't defend themselves or important people (empaths and clerics). Just don't get yourself killed. Lords and Ladies may not be able to take the risk of rezzing you.

7. Easy money making: Using gold rings to your advantage. Gold rings are magical items usually found in treasure chests or on defeated beasts. They can also be bought from others for a typical bid of 5.5k (5,500 silver). You can use them to teleport to a preset place in the following manner. Here's how to use a gold ring:

Once you are where you want to "set" the ring, put on the ring. You should feel a small pulse. This means that the ring is set. Now, whenever you want to return to that place, take the ring off and put it back on. To reset the ring, turn it. If you wear the ring again from that same room, you will go back to where you used the ring to teleport. If you are in a different room, you will teleport to the original room once more.

To use this wondrous magical device to its best advantage for accumulating wealth, set the ring in the pawnshop. Carry only the

essentials, if possible (sword, backpack, armor, shield). Go to a familiar place where the creatures leave their belongings, such as the Hobs, the cemetery, and Kobs.

8. For Anyone: Stealing, in one word *don't*. Numerous people are really annoyed with thieves. They have even started their own martial law. Some Lords and Ladies will kill if stolen from. Don't mess with them.

If you're stolen from, relax. Try to get it back, if you have the will and power. If you are repeatedly stolen from or notice someone stealing often, do something. (I, in no way endorse violent killings—although I enjoy them.) There are rumors that if you kill a thief, his guild compatriots will have you on a secret hit list. Thieves deny this, and I don't know. It's your call whether to believe this or not.

With this information, I leave you to explore Elanthia and create a world for all. And if you come across Ranger Vandor during your travels, feel free to offer comments and suggestions! ♦

(Legend, continued from page 21)

her persistence, I am not sure the final events would have come to pass, and for the compassion she has shown these two lovers I commend her.

Lord Dandis, just before he left, turned to Aries saying, "My advice to you is this: always follow your heart," and gave her a box. She now bears a treasure of both grief and joy, the wedding rings of Dandis and Sonya. Their joy was short, and their grief was long, but now through great sacrifice they are at rest, and I know the Aries will think of them every time she sees the box containing the rings of the couple who were just not meant to be. In this they could find no better resting place, for as long as someone remembers you, then you are never truly dead.

[Special thanks to Lord Baine for taking the time to recount this story to us younger folk.] ♦

(Editorial Guide, continued from page 2)

6. Articles on game play and strategy are also popular. Details on how best to roll up a particular character, how to play a certain class or race, and how to advance in the world are valuable topics. Again, avoid giving away solutions to puzzles or game secrets.

7. Original, high-quality artwork is an integral part of each month's EH. In our ASCII text edition, we look for (beg for even!) good ASCII art. If you think you have a knack for producing ASCII art in the fantasy genre, for ornaments, fancy drop caps, illustrations based on the world of Elanthia, scenes from GemStone III, or similar material, we want it! For our formatted versions, original artwork (in black and white) in the most popular file formats, such as TIF, WPG, CDR, CGM, BMP, JPEG and PCX, are all worthwhile submissions.

Regular Monthly Columns

Besides submissions of articles on an occasional basis, the EH invites and encourages player contributions on a regular, ongoing basis. This participation can be in the form of regular monthly or recurring columns on ideas you come up with that we feel are of continuing value and interest, or in columns we decide to make a regular feature, and for which we need writers. We are interested in columnists to regular features in the following departments:

1. Columns on Game Mechanics--again, we want columns that are useful, but not overpoweringly full of numbers and statistics.

2. Helpful Hints for New Adventurers--this would include a few juicy roll-up, outfitting, survival and/or creature hunting hints per issue that veteran players perhaps take so much for granted they usually don't talk about them. But players just starting out might find such information very valuable.

3. Gossip/Who's Who/Current Events Around Town Columns--pretty self-explanatory departments. Would

include such milestones as marriages, who made Lord/Lady, that kind of content.

4. House Matters--monthly doings/events at Houses; several columns can be devoted to introducing and profiling the various Houses in the land.

5. Overheard Around Town--humorous, telling or pithy snatches of conversation overheard in the various hangouts, the square, Helga's, etc. Player submissions of short anecdotes or quotes, attributed or unattributed, are strongly encouraged, and the columnist responsible should gather a number of quotes each month.

6. Monthly Personality Profiles--interviews and info on individual characters in the game every month. This would be their game persona, not the player. You would need to interview interesting characters and extract entertaining stories about their background, adventures, etc.

These are just some types of columns being produced and considered. We especially want submissions of ideas for regular columns, and if you can be the columnist for one of your own proposed regular columns, that's exactly what we are looking for! In order to be a regular EH columnist, you must first contact the editor and express your interest in doing a column. If you have your own ideas about the kind of column you'd like to do, we'd love to consider it. If you are interested in writing any of the regular columns we suggest, you also need to contact us first, before you begin. Once we accept your idea and/or you as a columnist, you can start submitting your columns on a regular schedule. Please make sure to tell us you are interested in doing a column, not just a single article.

The Standards of Acceptability for Submissions to EH

While we strongly encourage you to submit articles along the lines of those listed above, and anything we might not have mentioned that you think is

worthwhile, we do ask you to observe certain broad areas of acceptability.

Several general guidelines are listed below:

1. Fiction submissions should be directly related to characters and settings of GemStone III and the world of Elanthia.

2. Submissions should not reveal solutions to puzzles, quests, secret societies, secret guild matters, or other features that are meant for players to discover and solve for themselves in the game.

3. Submissions should not deal with bugs or loopholes in the game. All such problems should be reported directly to Simutronics via GemStone III Feedback.

4. Please be aware that certain words often used in the fantasy genre are the property of their creators. For instance, we cannot publish the word "hobbit", so instead use the word "halfling". We will make appropriate substitutions where necessary.

5. The words "GemStone III", "Elanthia", "Wehnimer's Landing", etc., must be spelled and styled correctly. Remember, a clean submission lessens the likelihood of heavy editorial changes to your work and greatly increases your chances of publication. We will not accept submissions with a high degree of spelling and grammatical mistakes. Even a basic word processing program should have a good built-in spell checker; we strongly urge you to use it! If your submission does contain these kinds of oversights, the editors will have to fix them, return the article to you for revisions, or decide it's too full of mistakes to accept for consideration.

6. Articles should not be submitted for publication to the EH anonymously. If you wish, your article can be published with a pseudonym or anonymous byline, but you must identify yourself to the editor.

7. Submissions should maintain an objective and reasonable tone. Arti-

(Continued on page 24)

(Editorial Guide, continued from page 23)

cles that are overly biased or slanted against any person, player, character or group will not be considered. Fairness and objectivity are encouraged in all submissions, and lack thereof shall be considered grounds for rejection.

The Standards of Quality for All Submissions to EH

Once your submission has met the above standards of acceptability it is well on its way to potential publication. After that, it is up to the editorial staff to determine if the material meets the publication's standards of quality.

Keep in mind the following guidelines for successful submissions:

1. Your submission should be on a worthwhile subject of interest to a broad spectrum of GemStone players.

2. Make sure the material is well written and in a usable format. Double check your spelling, grammar and style so that it won't require more than a moderate amount of editing. Be sure to spellcheck your articles before you send them to us. Separate paragraphs by 2 carriage returns. Type only ONE space after periods, not TWO. Do not use TABS to indent paragraphs.

3. If you are submitting artwork in ASCII or other formats, make sure the work is original.

4. In the case where your material is of potential interest to the readers but the article is deemed poorly written, the EH reserves the right to accept it contingent upon a rewrite by the author. If the editor chooses, the article can be rewritten by one of the staff members, and then published, with the byline going to the original author.

Do your best, and if you follow the above guidelines combined with your own unique ideas and style, your submission should pass the first hurdle with flying colors. But please keep in mind that final decisions on acceptability and quality of submissions rest with the editorial staff of EH. We are here to bring the best product to you and all our players.

How to Send in Submissions, and to Whom

You must send your submission as an attached EMAIL file. Submissions within the body of a letter will not be considered. The preferred format is MS-WORD compatible, but if you cannot use that, send submissions as a plain .TXT file. All attached file submissions must begin with information filled in with the following header:

USER NAME OR SCREEN NAME:
NAME OF SERVICE YOUR USUAL
CHARACTER IS ON:

CHARACTER NAME:

NAME TO USE FOR AUTHOR OF
ARTICLE (if different from character name)

EMAIL ADDRESS:

FORMAT OF FILE:

DATE SUBMITTED:

We cannot acknowledge the receipt of submissions. If we decide to publish your submission, we will inform you. Just because your submission does not appear in the very next issue, that does not mean we will not use it. We have to balance the content of each issue, and so we choose articles carefully. The managing editor of EH and the EH staff like to maintain a balance between leaving as much of the original submission intact as possible and putting out a consistently high quality monthly journal. While we edit with a light touch wherever possible, we do retain the prerogative to request revisions or rewrites of articles or to edit them in house when needed. All published submissions become the property of the Elanthia Herald.

Send all your submissions to: CYRFAUCON@AOL.COM with a copy to BRUCEHH@AOL.COM.

Free Time and In-Game Compensation for Contributors

Contributors to EH receive credit towards free time in GemStone in exchange for every article that gets published. Contributors must use their free time within 90 days of the publication of the final qualifying submission. Two weeks' advance notice of the

date you wish to use your free time must be given in EMAIL to the editor of the EH. Other restrictions, limitations or conditions on free flag credits use may apply as needed. The free time in GemStone is EH's way of saying thanks for your great efforts and contributions to the newsletter. It's the players who contribute to the unique character of Elanthia, and this uniqueness and imagination are nowhere more clearly visible than in the outstanding submissions to the EH. Keep those manuscripts coming in, folks! We look forward to seeing YOUR article in our mailsack real soon.

The credit towards free time and in-game perks is prorated as follows:

Credit:

1-500 words = 50 points

500-1000 = 75 points

1000+ words = 100 points (full length article/full credit)

Poems = full credit based on merit

Artwork = full credit based on merit

A total of 300 points earns you free time in GemStone plus entitles you to membership in the Elanthia Herald Press Club, which has a number of benefits such as a private bar, access to the newspaper offices and press room, admission and special press passes to events like the Gladiator Games, etc. In time, other compensations within the game, such as perhaps special access to merchant event, will also be awarded based on total points you have accumulated through your contributions.

At the present time, free time in GS is available for users of Genie and AOL; we are still negotiating with the other services. Via Genie, 300 points will earn you a free weekend in the game; via AOL, 300 points will earn you 10 hours of free time in the game. The Elanthia Herald, Simutronics and its providers reserve the right to modify these if necessary.

If you have questions about these guidelines, please send mail to the Assistant Editor, Jamel at the address BRUCEHH@AOL.COM. ♦